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IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM GOODELL,

BORN IN COVENTRY, N. Y.

October 25th, 1792.

DIED IN JANESVILLE, WIS..

February 14th, 1878.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

CHICAGO:

GILBERT & WINCHELL, PRINTERS, 164 CLARK ST.

1879.

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*With regards of Maria G. Frost and
Lavinia Goodell, Janesville, Wisconsin,
June, 1879.*

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WILLIAM GOODELL.

William Goodell, for half a century a zealous laborer in the anti-slavery, temperance, and kindred reforms, was the son of Frederic and Rhoda (Guernsey) Goodell, and was born in Coventry, Chenango County, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1792. The place of his birth is situated in what is now a part of Broome County, and was at the time a pioneer settlement in the *then* "far west." He is supposed to have been the first white child born in that vicinity. He was a lineal descendant of Robert Goodell, one of the early settlers of Danvers, then Salem, Mass., where some of his descendants still live. Robert came from Ipswich, England, in 1634, with a wife and three children.

Among the heir-looms of some of Robert Goodell's descendants is found a coat of arms, granted to "Goodell, Earl Stonham, County Suffolk, March 1, 1612," which gives a slight indication of the *rank* of his remoter ancestors, though none of their *character*. This latter, however, is indicated by the character of Robert's descendants in this country, who have been noted for sobriety and integrity. In their ranks have been clergymen who preached temperance, and laymen who practiced it, at a time when drinking customs were all but universal in even the most intellectual and religious circles. We have record of one John Goodell of Worcester, a descendant of Robert, but belonging to another branch of the family from that of the subject of this sketch, who died in 1827, aged 82 years, leaving a bequest of \$1,000 to a temperance society founded in part by himself.

The name was formerly spelled variously; as Goodell, Goodall, Goodale, Godall, and even Goodle, according to the taste or judgment of the writer. Robert spelled his name Goodell, as do most of his descendants. It is worthy of remark that a family noted for exceptional sobriety and abstinence from intoxicating liquors, was also noted for *longevity*, many of its members living till past their 80th year.

Of other of Robert Goodell's descendants may be mentioned the late Rev. Wm. Goodell, D. D., missionary to Constantinople and translator of the Scriptures; Capt. Silas Goodell of the

Revolutionary War, referred to in the history of Norwich, Conn.; the late Judge Richard Goodell, Jr., of Jefferson, N. Y., speaker of the N. Y. Assembly, afterwards keeper of Auburn State Prison, a pioneer of prison reform, and much beloved for his kindness to the prisoners under his charge; and A. C. Goodell, Esq., clerk of the court at Salem, Mass., distinguished as an antiquarian scholar and a geneologist, particularly of the Goodell and Putnam families.

Of Daniel Goodell, a member of this family, who flourished more than a century ago, and who was a member of the Colonial Legislature of Mass., where his stern morality and inflexibility of purpose marked him as one of the "Last of the Puritans," the following anecdote is told:

"On an annual election day, after the customary election sermon had been preached, and the assembled representatives and 'standing order' clergy of the commonwealth, with the governor elect, had been dining together, they were seated in social converse, smoking their long pipes. Daniel Goodell, alone in his singularity, had no pipe, a silent rebuke amid the clouds of degeneracy around him. A servant, supposing he had been omitted in the distribution, hastened before him with a waiter laden with pipe and tobacco. Daniel shook his head, silently but sternly. 'Mr. Goodell, don't you smoke, sir?' enquired a venerable D. D. who was puffing by his side. 'No, sir!' said Daniel, with an emphasis and solemnity that riveted all eyes upon him. 'No, sir! I have ways enough of serving the devil without smoking tobacco!' The shock was electric. No one answered; no one smiled. Clerical faces looked blank—perhaps blushed—for tobacco smoking had always been held a heresy and a scandal in the better days of the commonwealth. Puffing became laborious, and, after a few faint whiffs, the ashes were knocked out and the pipes laid aside."

Thomas Goodell, a grandson of Robert of Salem, was among the earliest settlers of Pomfret, Conn. He married Sarah Horrell, a young lady of Irish origin, noted for her self-reliance, independence, energy and perseverance. Leaving his wife behind him, in Roxbury, Mass., until he could build a log house in Pomfret and return for her, she became impatient of the delay and set out on foot to join him, walking seventy miles or more through the woods, checkered here and there with a new settlement, till the end of the third day rewarded her effort, and she found her unfinished home, and a sick husband only too

glad to receive the administrations of his energetic spouse.

A son of this Thos. Goodell, named Zechariah, married Hannah Cheney. Among their children was a second Zechariah, who also married a Hannah Cheney, his cousin. The second Zechariah and Hannah were the grandparents of William Goodell, the subject of this memoir. The junior Hannah was the daughter of Henry Cheney of Roxbury, Mass. The Cheney family was connected with the Bryants, the Fessendens, and the Summers of that period. Hannah spent her youthful days with an uncle in Boston, where she enjoyed high intellectual and social advantages. She attended the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Prince, A. M., of the old South Church. She was a convert of Whitefield's, and had heard President Edwards preach. Samuel Adams was a friend and frequent guest of her uncle. She was a woman of exceptional strength of mind and character, and improved her advantages to the utmost, so that all through her life, and in her old age, she was respected and venerated by all who knew her, for her rare intelligence and sound judgment. A leading statesman of Connecticut, after conversing with her, said (and this was in pre-"woman's rights" days!) "she ought to have been in Congress." Even her minister, in the days when the clergy formed a sort of intellectual aristocracy, deferred to her on difficult ecclesiastical questions, and deep points of metaphysics and polemics. Her powers of memory made her a kind of living encyclopedia of the literature of the times. English history and literature were as familiar to her as her Bible. In describing her, as he remembered her, the subject of this sketch said: "Her acquaintance with the biographies of the principal colonists, and the political and ecclesiastical history of the colonies, was more extensive and minute than that of any other person I ever knew." She is supposed to have been married in Boston, and bits of her wedding dress, a heavy white figured silk, preserved by her grandchildren, serve to indicate the wealth and social standing of her family. But she left all these fascinating surroundings cheerfully, to become the wife of a plain country farmer from Connecticut, and entered into rural life with zest and enthusiasm, combining household cares with intellectual pursuits in such a manner as to secure the well being of both the body and soul of herself and family. Her society was always sought and prized by the most intelligent and literary portion of the surrounding community.

Zechariah Goodell, Jr., stood high in the community, holding

various offices of public trust, and was at one time a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. Of the nine children of Zechariah, Jr., and Hannah Goodell, Frederic, the eldest, was among the first settlers of Coventry, Chenango County, N. Y. He had, however, previously served in the Revolutionary War, and had taught school several terms in Pomfret, and afterward in Dutchess County, N. Y. In the latter place he found and married Rhoda Guernsey.

The Guernsey family was of English (some say partly of French) origin, and came from Litchfield, Conn., to Dutchess Co., N. Y., some time before the Revolution. A distinguishing trait of the family was a fondness for arguing upon political and theological subjects, upon which there was considerable difference of opinion among them. John Guernsey, the father of Rhoda, and his brother Peter, disagreed on the then exciting topic of the Revolutionary War. Peter was ripe for revolution; John inclined to peace. Many and long protracted were the discussions which took place between these two brothers, drawing together large audiences of all the farmers around them. They lived about seven miles apart. Whenever either of them was seen on horseback, "going over the mountain" to his brother's, the watchword went out, "Now for a debate of the Guernseys on the war question!" The hoe or the scythe was dropped in the field; the plow was stopped in the new furrow; all hastened to the arena of discussion, where for hours, sometimes for a day or two, the facts and argument, pro and con were presented. For some months the voice of the neighborhood was divided between them, but the prevailing vote was at last on the side of "old uncle Peter." But John Guernsey was never stigmatized as a tory; he advocated the rights of the colonies, only maintaining that they could be preserved without bloodshed. Rhoda Guernsey was one of fifteen children, all of whom had large families, numbering ninety-one grand-children of John Guernsey. Peter B., a brother of Rhoda, settled Norwich, N. Y.

Frederic Goodell and Rhoda Guernsey were married in the fall of 1788, and, 'sometime after, removed to Coventry, where they lived a pioneer life of great privation and hardship, from the effects of which both died at a comparatively early period.

Of their six sons, William, the third, the subject of this sketch, was born Oct. 25, 1792, in a log house in the woods. Being in delicate health in his early childhood, he was kept much

within doors, with his mother, and her scanty library, consisting of the Bible, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, Hart's Hymns, the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, Wesley's Sermons, Fletcher's Appeal, and a volume or two of the Spectator and Guardian, as his early companions. His feebleness and long confinement, during these forming years of his life, fostered his taste for thought and study, and even for composition, which he commenced before he was eight years old; his first efforts being, as was natural under the circumstances, the scribbling of religious verses on bits of bark. Religious impressions were then made, and aspirations kindled which moulded his character for life. His parents were both devoted Christians, and he dated his own conversion from his seventh year. Church privileges were scanty and highly prized in that new settlement; families trudged afoot, or were drawn on ox-sleds, through the woods for miles, to religious meetings held in log school houses or dwellings. Methodist circuits were early established in the neighborhood; a "class" was formed, and joined by Frederic Goodell, who was educated a Presbyterian, and by his wife, who had been a Baptist. This fact indicates little sectarian prejudice on their part. The name of William was soon added. This was the beginning of a "Society" which is still in existence, with a church near the Goodell homestead, where still resides Rev. Ezekiel Goodell, a local preacher, the only surviving son of Frederic and Rhoda Goodell. Here, in the dense forests, amid the howling of wolves (where now is heard the car-whistle) were laid, in a degree, the moral foundations of whatever has been of value in the life and labors of William Goodell.

Of his parents, as they impressed him in his childhood, he wrote years afterward, thus:

"I seem to see my mother as she then was—somewhat tall and slender, with fair complexion, light blue eyes, but glossy black hair; her voice was singularly soft and musical, her motions easy and graceful, her manners gentle, her bearing sedate, calm, thoughtful; her smile sweet. She was in every way a superior woman. During my feeble childhood I experienced, from her, unusual attention and tenderness, and enjoyed the advantage of that instruction with which her own mind was richly stored, and which she had a peculiar faculty of imparting with ease. I never knew any other person with such an exquisite sensibility, with such a perfect equanimity. Nature had given her the most lively

feelings, but Christian meekness had endued her with a patient fortitude more noble and unconquerable than stoical firmness. My father too had blue eyes and brown hair; his air somewhat stern, but not rough. His countenance was cheerful and pleasant, though his brows were knit with habitual meditation, deliberation, and care. Sometimes playful with his children, he maintained his parental authority. Manly in his deportment, he was never frivolous, never acted a boyish part among men. To my father and mother, human life and its responsibilities were no pastime amusements, no vain parade of appearances, no idle shams. They had to do with sober realities in the life they were then living, and in the life to which they were looking forward. Sincerity, earnestness, activity, forecast, conscientiousness, were the outstanding and deep seated traits of their characters."

Of his early recollections he writes:

"It has been a matter of inquiry with some, at how early an age children may so take notice of objects and incidents as to remember them distinctly in after years. Perhaps I can not do much toward determining that question, but I can certainly remember some things that must have taken place before I was much accustomed to walking, perhaps before I had commenced. I very well remember having been wrapped up in a blanket and carried out, in the evening, by my father, in company with my mother, to our neighbor Newton's. Peeping out of the blanket, I saw the nearly round moon in the east, one edge of it slowly coming out from behind a dark cloud. I knew not what it was, or could be, and a sensation of delight, awe, and wonder, crept over me, which I have never forgotten. The sight of a partly concealed moon never fails to renew, vividly, the same feeling, and to carry my mind back to my first view of it.

"Education begins with the beginning of conscious existence, and the influences first exerted upon us, though we may forget them, have an important bearing upon our development and our destiny. On thing to which I am much indebted I do not forget, and that is, the quiet way in which my mother imprinted upon my mind and memory, I know not how many beautiful verses and hymns, chiefly Watts' Divine Songs for Children. Whenever anything troubled me, she would call me to her, and begin to repeat to me a hymn, line by line, or a half a line at a time, which I was expected to lisp after her. This she would do as if conferring some privilege upon me, or as if comforting or consoling me, under my little troubles, and so I can remember having

regarded it. Whatever the matter was, a line or two of a hymn would turn my attention from it, and a new train of ideas, however imperfect or indistinct, had taken the place of my former ones. 'Pretty verses' were the sugar plums with which my mother was wont to quiet me. At other times I would ask her to 'tell me some verses;' and I would follow her wherever she went, in her work, in doors or out about the house, to the outdoor oven, to the spring, or to the garden spot, repeating verses after her. In this way I learned many hymns, probably before I knew my letters; and though I could have said them without a prompter, I took it for granted that my mother must first say them to me, and that I must say them after her. I remember how delighted I was some years afterwards, when my father brought home the little book that contained most of them, with some others, which I was then able to read. The relish for religious poetry, thus early awakened, has remained with me ever since. I have lived the better portion of my life in the atmosphere of sweet psalms and hymns."

The youthful William early attracted attention for his faculty for "making verses," and his singing; his childish voice being unusually sweet and clear. These gifts earned for him the soubriquet of "nightingale," and were encouraged by his parents and relatives, who united to the practical caste of character which their lives of toil had imparted, a taste for the refinements of intellectual and moral culture.

In his eleventh year came his first great sorrow, the loss of his mother, who died of a slow nervous fever, brought on by toil and privations. A comfortable frame house had succeeded the log hut of her earlier wedded life, but she only entered it to die, at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving five sons surviving her. The children never forgot their mother and her teachings. When long past his three score and ten years, William Goodell would mention the anniversary of his mother's death and say: "A deep depression always comes over me at this time of the year." After her death his grief became almost morbid. Writing, in 1820, to the friend who afterward became his wife, he said: "You know there is a veil of melancholy in my composition; whether constitutional, or contracted by early sorrows, formed into a habit, I cannot say; one thing is certain; the death of my mother, when I was about eleven years old, made an impression on me that time has not yet effaced. The autumn after her decease I used to steal away daily, wet or dry, and walk

through the woods a mile and a half, to her grave; it was on a little spot of cleared ground, surrounded entirely by a thick wood; and there I used to sit musing, hours and hours, to the neglect of my meals, holding a kind of imaginary converse with the departed spirit, till I almost fancied I could hear her speak. The winds of November that swept the forest, furnished me with a soft couch of fallen leaves, upon which I would recline and watch the broken clouds that passed suddenly over the sun, and checkered the landscape with gleams of light and spots of shade, following each other in quick succession, like the comforts and the griefs of this changeful life. * * * Even now there are times when the form and countenance, the motion, and even the very dress of my mother, are so perfectly impressed on my imagination, by the force of memory, that it seems as though she stood before me; and when anything interrupts my reverie, I start, as though a spectre had vanished."

In 1804, William was sent to his uncle, John Guernsey, in Amenia, Dutchess County. He was at this time a pale, delicate, thoughtful boy, small for his age, shy, fond of books, studious and industrious. Here he attended the common school, and assisted some in the light labors of the farm. He joined the Methodist "class," though his uncle was a Baptist. A year later, his father sent him to the old Goodell homestead, in Pomfret, Conn., to live with his widowed grandmother Goodell, and several uncles and aunts, her children. Here his father once visited him, during the first year of his stay; and this was the last time he ever saw his father.

Frederic Goodell died of paralysis, at the age of forty-five. He had, meantime, re-married, and left a daughter Rhoda, the child of his second wife, surviving him. This half-sister William never saw but once, when he sought her out, and found her a wife and mother. She died early. With her children he always kept up a pleasant acquaintance. William's four brothers were scattered among their relatives, and saw each other seldom, though maintaining a friendly acquaintance, by means of correspondence and occasional visits, through life.

William resided in Pomfret nearly five years, attending the common school winters; working on the farm summers, gradually improving in health and strength. Here he attended the Congregational Church, and enjoyed the advantages of two good libraries, the contents of which he eagerly devoured during the long winter evenings. But among his

most valued literary and religious privileges he numbered the society of his grandmother, the Hannah Cheney whom we have described; "one of the strong minded women of her times." As an illustration—if one were needed—that women of a century ago had their thoughts on questions of public interest, we give an extract from William's reminiscences of his grandmother, written in mature life: "My grandmother, who long survived Continental money, never ceased to lament that the people could not have learned from their calamities to discard all paper currencies. She had the past history of them at her tongue's end, and entered deep into the philosophy, and (as she believed) the necessary operations of them. She spoke as confidently of the future as of the past; foretold the breaking of paper money banks; their alternate expansions and contractions; their suspensions of specie payments; their liberal loans, when the people would be better off without them; the ruthless calling of them in, when the people most needed them. She saw, as already present, the facilities they would afford to speculators and gamblers in the 'whole staff of bread,' who would amass fortunes by creating artificial famines in times of plenty. She foretold the excessive importations of foreign goods, resulting from an inflated currency, giving to all commodities a deceptive valuation; she deprecated their deleterious and corrupting influence on politics, the connection of the paper banks with the government, the fluctuations of a currency depending on popular elections, the expedients that would be resorted to, either to bolster up rotten paper corporations, or else to counteract the effects of excessive importations induced by them. Among these, she even particularized high duties on imports, in my hearing, in 1806, ten years before the measure was resorted to; but this, she said, would only complicate, not remedy, the evil. When the first National Bank was chartered, she predicted the repeal or non-extension of the charter, but said there would probably be another, and if so, 'it would turn out worse than the first.' And finally, she predicted the ultimate explosion of the entire paper money system, 'some time or other.'"

Of New England life in olden times, he writes:

"The diet of our New England ancestors was frugal and simple. Brown bread, made of rye and Indian meal, and unbolted, was in common use. The soil did not produce much wheat, and it was not good economy to buy much of it; its use was reserved for particular occasions. Bean porridge, or what

we would now call bean soup, has been called the 'Spartan broth' of New England. Tea was little used except by the ladies, and by them chiefly when they had company; boys and girls seldom tasted it; their chief diet was bean porridge, or, at a later date, bread and milk. Salted beef and pork, as well as codfish and potatoes and greens, were in general use. Coffee was hardly in general use in my boyhood. Toasted bread or burnt rye, under the name of coffee, answered the purpose. Men, in my grandfather's time, yielded both tea and coffee to the women. Perhaps this was partly because they preferred cider, which was making a bad choice. * * * As a cause of the general intelligence of those days, may be mentioned the arrangement (at least in Connecticut) by which official and legal business was transacted in the towns, parishes, and school districts, which in other states is done only at the county seat, by a few persons, sustained by high fees, or large salaries. In Connecticut, deeds are recorded by the town clerk; estates are settled in the probate district, comprising one or two townships. Everything is done in the rural neighborhood, and the whole rural neighborhood learns how to do it. You wish a deed recorded; you find the town clerk with his hoe among the corn, or on his bench with his last; he drops his tool, records your deed, pockets his two or three shillings, and goes about his work again. So, perhaps, of the judge of the probate and his clerk; or you may find one or both of them behind the counter of the village store; or holding their probate court in their counting-room. No marvel that the son of the Yankee farmer or mechanic, go where he may, so readily adapts himself to all sorts of business—teaches school, turns merchant, enters the counting-house, and is soon ready to transact all sorts of business on a smaller or on a larger scale. The rudiments of it all have been learned in the business-like training he has had at home, in addition to the common school. Rural life in Connecticut, in the days of my father and grandfather, was itself the common school of its successive generations; a school in which study, business, and manual labor, were continually alternated with the rolling seasons, and most effectually combined."

The young William ardently longed for a collegiate education, but in this hope he was disappointed, and at the age of eighteen accepted a mercantile opening in Providence, R. I. Later, he returned to his Pomfret home to teach a winter school; but we soon find him again in Providence, an active, energetic,

hopeful young man of twenty, a clerk in a store, an officer among the "cadets," who were training for possible military duty, rendered imminent by the War of 1812; and a boarder in the family of deacon Josiah Cady, with whose blue-eyed daughter of sixteen he found it the most natural thing in the world to walk home from church. About this time we find him writing a breezy, cheerful letter to one of his Connecticut aunts, commencing—

"From the noisy wharves and dusty streets of Providence, to the retired and peaceful valley of Abington, William Goodell sendeth greeting."

With the aunts still living in his old Pomfret home, he kept up a brisk correspondence for those times, and appears to have acted as their agent for the sale of various farm products, and the purchase of household commodities. In 1815 he appears to have been in business for himself, for he speaks of having suffered much loss by the terrible inundations of that year. "The water," he says, "was about four feet deep in my store, and the whole building must have been crushed to atoms, but for two small trees that warded off the ships. I remained in my store as long as possible, securing my goods to the best advantage, and then, with some difficulty, retreated to a building opposite.

In 1816 he writes: "The honorable legislature of Rhode Island convenes in town to-day; a circumstance, the recurrence of which I have learned to dread, as they are in the regular habit of extending the 'benefit of the act of insolvency' to about half of my delinquent customers at every session, not at all to my benefit or convenience."

"In December he accepted an offer from Cyrus Butler and E. Carrington & Co., to act as super-cargo of one of their ships, bound to the East Indies, China and the European markets. He accordingly embarked on a sloop at Providence, Dec. 21, and reached New York the 26th; sailing in the *Integrity* from N. Y. Jan. 1, 1817. He returned to America in May, 1819, after a long, but prosperous and instructive voyage. Of this voyage he kept a journal which is still in existence, and from which we make a few brief extracts, as indicative of his character at that time.

"Feb. 5, 1817. Saw, for the first time, a poor jack tar handcuffed and whipped with a rope's end, for disrespectful treatment of an officer of the deck. Which of them were free from blame

heaven knows—or whether either; but to me the sight was very disgusting and mortifying. Disgusting, because I thought I saw revenge disguising herself under the garb of justice—for even supposing the culprit had merited all the punishment he received, the feelings of the executioner should have been calm, or at least his manner. Mortifying, because I blushed for human nature.

* * * If the pens of Edwards and of Paul had not failed to convince mankind of their degraded and depraved state, I might be tempted to write an essay upon the subject here. And, if Rush had not written in vain, an illiterate youth might be excusable in penning a few inquiries respecting the nature and efficiency of corporal punishments. Some little scenes in the drama of life speak volumes of instruction; but common occurrences are seldom subjects of much reflection.”

“Whoever hath the misfortune to travel by sea, should take care that delicacy of feeling form no part of his cargo.”

“Commerce owes to literature a debt so infinite that she can never fully liquidate it. Yet commerce very ostentatiously pretends to generosity toward literature; whenever she squeezes her out a scanty moiety of her just due in the occasional endowment of a college, or the preservation of the life of a starving genius.”

“May 26, 1817. At Penang. Went on shore early in the morning to attend to getting our bread on board from the fisheries. Spent some time with my Chinese friend Ticcow; he had many inquiries to make respecting America, and made me leave my name on a card, that he might find me if he should ever come to Rhode Island. I believe he seriously thinks of visiting America; and many others of his nation here are very particular in their enquiries respecting the emoluments of their respective occupations in my country. Chinese emigration is a new thing, the bounds are broken through, and who knows how much the outlet may widen, and how copious a stream may issue! That curiously insulated empire is immensely over-peopled. If North America, in the year 1875, should contain thousands of Chinese, it would be no miracle. They are very industrious and enterprising here, and in fact the very life of this Island.” Speaking of the young ladies of Penang, he says: “They are uneducated, but I must confess that the absence of *affectation* almost atoned (with me, at least), for the absence of *accomplishments*.”

During this voyage he both studied and taught navigation, some of his pupils afterwards becoming captains of ships themselves. He kept a journal, with copious notes of all he saw,

pen and ink sketches of scenery, and jottings of literary and scientific study. He also wrote occasional bits of poetry, of which the following is perhaps a fair sample:

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM AT SEA.

"The sea was smooth, the moon shone bright;
The breeze was gently blowing;
Silent our vessel moved, and light,
With sails all full and flowing.

"When fondly musing on the past,
Pensive I sought my pillow,
And sleep o'ercame my cares at last,
Lulled by the rippling billow.

"And then a dream so grandly wild,
So sweetly calm, came o'er me,
That, still entranced—enwrapt,—beguiled—
The vision floats before me.

"Methought I saw an angel bright
Come walking on the ocean,
Beauty around her shone like light,
And God-like was her motion.

"Her voice was like the rising breath
Of music's loftiest measures:
She sang the Victory over Death;
She spake of heavenly pleasures.

"Why, mortal, in this sea of tears
Why would'st thou wander longer?
Increasing, with increasing years,
The bonds of flesh grow stronger;

"The bonds that still confine thee down;
Some who have gone before thee
Inherit an unfading crown,
And oft are hovering o'er thee.

"Even now is near to thee, once dear,
A friend enthron'd above thee!
Say, would'st thou brave the clay-cold grave,
To rest with those that love thee?"

"She paus'd, a moonbeam cross'd her face—
A sigh she seem'd to smother—
Then beckoned me to her embrace—
'O, God!' I cried—'My mother.'—

"I come!—I come!—O, take me home!—
And sprang with exultation—
The vision broke, and I awoke
To mourn the separation."

In 1818 he wrote from Amsterdam, to a friend:

"I have been to-day in the Royal Palace, and was shown to every part of it. Splendid, indeed; the walls of marble. * * * The building is just now unoccupied, the king having left this city a few days since for the Hague. So we, a party of Yankees, made ourselves quite at home there; left nothing unexplored—not even the bed chambers of the Princess; walked in the grand hall where a splendid ball was given, not long since, to the Emperor Alexander, of Russia; and—not content with all these high honors, aspired so high as to take our seats, by turns, upon the *Throne of Holland*—very much to the diversion of the attendants! Point me not to the ruins of Carthage, to the mouldering towers of Palmyra, or the tombs of the Cæsars, for proofs of the vanity of human grandeur. There is enough of littleness stamped, methinks, upon all the cob-web greatness of man, even in its very perfection and completeness, to make one say to himself, as he views it—'And is this all?' "

Returning to Providence in 1819, he entered the counting house of Cyrus Butler, where, with the exception of a winter of commercial life in Wilmington, N. C., he remained until he formed a partnership with William Butler, nephew and prospective heir of Cyrus Butler, and engaged in the flour trade in Alexandria, Va.

On the 4th of July, 1823, the long attachment between himself and Miss Clarissa Cady, of Providence, culminated in marriage, and his first *home*, since that of his early childhood in the forest cabin of N. Y., was made in Alexandria, amid far different scenes; for he was now a successful merchant, and able to surround himself with comforts and luxuries. Of the numerous letters which passed between the young couple before their marriage, we are tempted to quote from one of William's written in rhyme, showing that the prose of a business drill did not quite efface all love of literature and poetry. It is dated at Wilmington, N. C., March, 1821.

* * *

"E'en here, a hermit 'mid a crowd,
Too proud to herd with nabobs proud —
Who crack their whips, and swear, and rave,
And count themselves most wond'rus brave,
That they can boldly lash—a slave!
Where faint-warm days, and cold-damp nights,
The rose of health and beauty blights,

Ev'n midst this Carolinian fen
I pluck *some* flowers; I find *some men* !

* * *

" Yet converse sweet e'en here I've known;
Quite intimate with Cowper grown,
He'll tell me all about the preacher,
And mimic every air and feature.
From Baxter next I have a 'call,'
Over against me by the wall;
His reverend form methinks I see,
His every word addressed to me;
And thus a preacher oft I gain
After I've searched the Church in vain.
Columbia's giant next appears—
Edwards—the Paul of later years;
And still a mightier form glides by—
Prophetic light illumines his eye—
With lips that glow with hallow'd fire—
Lo! 'tis Isaiah strikes the lyre!
In strains angelic o'er the chords,
He hymns the Incarnate Lord of Lords.
' And while his music rolls along,'
' Raised by the magic of his song,'
Awhile I soar upon his wings,
And half aspire to touch the strings
Of David's harp that long has slept,
By mortal fingers seldom swept.
But themes so sacred, so sublime,
Out soar the feeble sons of Time.
The flame that should ascend on high
Expires—an ineffectual sigh!"

In Alexandria was born their first daughter, Clarissa Virginia, who died in infancy. Owing to unexpected fluctuations in trade, the firm of Wm. Butler & Co., for a time successful, lost heavily; and Wm. Goodell returned to Providence. Wm. Butler died young. He was the uncle of Wm. Butler Duncan, the New York banker and capitalist. Soon after Mr. Goodell found employment as book-keeper in the counting house of Phelps & Peck, of New York; the same firm afterwards known as Phelps, Dodge & Co., and later as Wm. E. Dodge & Co. While in New York at this time he aided in forming and conducting the present Mercantile Library Association of New York, of which in 1826, he was chosen a Director, and office which he held till his removal from the city.

But Wm. Goodell grew restive over his day book and ledger. To his vision a terrible conflict was being waged between the Hosts of Heaven and the Powers of Darkness, and he

longed to plunge into the thickest of the fight. What to him were the daily balancing of profit and loss over paltry bales of cotton, when slavery was creeping stealthily onward, threatening to enchain the nation; when the Drink Demon was slaying its thousands yearly; when lottery gambling was at its height, unrebuked by Church or State; and when fraudulent schemes of banking and insurance institutions, skillfully adapted and notoriously designed to amass fortunes by swindling the people were rife, and predecessors of Tweed and Credit Mobilier operators controlled judges and legislators, till even the Senate of the State of New York, acting as a high Court of Appeal, declared that "a conspiracy to defraud is no indictable offense."

Already he had taken up that little weapon "mightier than the sword," and wielded it with telling effect against the great sin of slavery. While in the counting house of Cyrus Butler, in 1820, moved by the then pending "Missouri Compromise" which gave the new State of Missouri to slavery, and especially by the vote of a favorite representative from Rhode Island in its favor, he wrote, over the signature of "Edgar," the following poem, which appeared in the Providence Gazette:

"High on her snow-white cloud enthron'd,
Fair Freedom, like a Goddess rode;
Columbia's realms her sceptre own'd;
Columbia was her chos'n abode.

"There all beneath her eagle eye
Confess'd her fire in every vein,
Save where beneath the southern sky
The helpless Afric clank'd his chain.

"The Goddess long had view'd with pain
That blot of trans-atlantic guilt;
Nor could she purge away the stain
With all the blood her sons had spilt.

"That monument of Britain's shame
Britania's shameless sons had spied,
And, hissing at Columbia's name,
With taunting voice to Freedom cried;

"From Albion's isle, o'er waters wide
And didst thou flee to lodge with slaves?
Go! driv'n from all the world beside,
Go! skulk in Tell's and Cato's graves!"

"Columbia's chiefs in council met,
And Freedom, sighing, bent to hear,

With drops of grief her locks were wet,
Her bosom heav'd, with hope and fear.

" Full well she knew her wily foe,
But more she fear'd her treacherous friends,
Whose hollow words, and vaporous show
But ill disguised their selfish ends.

" Lo! with their shout the welkin rings—
' All men are equal—all are free! '—
The lash resounds—the groan ascends,
Commingling!—horrid harmony!—

" The vaunting Fiend of Slavery rose,
Besmear'd and drunk with human blood,
And swore to extend her cup of woes
Far onward to the western flood.

" My country! hears't thou not the storm
That menaced ev'n the Eternal Throne?
Could'st thou embrace that grizzly form
That hell herself would fain disown?

" Fair Freedom saw, with angel smile,
Her chosen few stand firm and fast;
But some she knew might fight awhile,
And shrink, and basely yield at last.

" Of patriots, prompt at *duty's* call,
How few she found, or dared to trust!
Expediency was all in all;
Their virtue, gain; their treasure, dust.

" Christians could 'compromise' with crime,
The path King Saul and Judas trod;
Could balance dollar, cent, and dime,
Against the changeless laws of God!

" With pencil, scale, and chart in hand,
Her sons she saw, absorb'd in pelf,
Coolly divide their native land
Between the Demon and herself!

" The towering Andes caught her view,
She stretched her pinions to depart,
Her faltering tongue delay'd the adieu
That trembled in her broken heart;

" When lo! beneath the eastern sky,
A dawn of glory seemed to ope,
A well known voice was heard to cry
Stay, Freedom stay! " In God we hope." *

* The motto of Rhode Island.

" Lo! in the east one cloudless star,
A little gem, but rich and bright,
In beauty twinkling from afar,
Like Mercury on the brow of night!

" Lo! in the east an unstain'd soil,
One little spot where man is free,
Where outcast patriarchs, worn with toil,
O, Freedom! found a rest for thee!

" Where first upon this earthly clod,
Sercnely firm and safely bold,
The pure in heart ador'd their God,
By fellow mortals uncontroll'd.

" The land whose banners still upborne,
Protect th' oppress'd of ev'ry clime;
Whose Perry's and whose Greene's have sworn
To guard her rights to latest time.

" Lo! where they come, her chosen band,
Unbought by gold, unaw'd by pow'r,
Though myriad's fall, shall *they* not stand,
The Abdiels* of an evil hour?

" The lingering Goddess in the sky,
Listen'd and watch'd with changeful check,
A ray of hope illumed her eye,
But soon was heard her swooning shriek.

" Spirits infernal were at prayer,
A deathly smoke was in the air,
Rhode Island's guardian genius slept,
Eddy revolted—angels wept!"

The publication of this poem excited a good deal of discussion in prose. "Edgar" followed it up with a series of vigorous and telling articles replete with the close logic, sound statesmanship, and high moral tone for which he afterwards became distinguished. In the course of these articles, among other things, he predicted the subsequent repeal of the act, and the further extension of slavery.

After going to New York, he had sent occasional articles to the Providence papers; usually in poetry. Among these the "Harp of Zion," and the "Christian Warfare" attracted particular attention. The closing verse of a poem which he published about the same time, expresses so well his feeling, that we cannot forbear to quote it here:

* ——— 'The seraph Abdiel,
Faithful found among the faithless.' —MILTON.

" Daughter of Zion! once so fair,
 With joy and gladness crown'd;
 Well mayst thou hang thy harp in air,
 And weep upon the ground:
 Who shall arise and plead thy cause—
 Avenge thy wrongs—*support thy laws*—
 Where shall the men be found?
 Jerusalem! while thou'rt distress'd,
 I cannot—no!—I will not rest!"

In 1827 he returned to Providence and commenced his weekly "Investigator," determined to lift up a standard against the tide of demoralization. This was at about the same time that Arthur Tappan, afterwards his co-laborer, started the Journal of Commerce, in New York, with the same end in view. Here it was, at the age of thirty-five, that William Goodell, ever after dated the commencement of his life-work. Writing of it, years afterward, he said:

"All my previous life was preparatory to this. When providentially debarred from acquiring a Collegiate education, I had cheerfully acquiesced, trusting that my life and destiny were under the oversight and direction of a wisdom high above my own. When and how this should appear I could not foresee. It might be by the early acquisition of means sufficient to carry me through College, or it might be by the accumulation of ample wealth, which, contributed to religious and benevolent enterprises, then just coming into existence, might effect more good than I could expect to accomplish by learning. These dreams were dispelled. Evidently I was not destined to be rich. What good could I, then, do in the world? Was there not much needing to be done, which colleges, with all their important uses and benefits, could not do; which the college-learned in Church and State, with all their indispensable services, had scarcely, or rarely, thought of attempting? Nothing that needed processes of education widely diverse from those with which they were familiar? Had I received no educational training for a much needed work? For seventeen years I had been mingling in the busy scenes of active life, where men are ever acting out themselves, and betraying the moral or immoral maxims by which they are really governed. In America, in Europe, and in Asia, the map of commercial life, usages, and maxims had passed under my inspection, Intellectually, if I had lost much that is taught in colleges, I had gained much that is not taught in them; nautical astronomy; theoretical and practical navigation, and seamanship; and, in the count-

ing house, finances, accountancy by double entry, in itself a science comparable, for mental training, with most of the demonstrative sciences. Long sea passages of ninety to over one hundred days each, had afforded me enviable opportunities, not unimproved, for miscellaneous reading, and secluded meditation and study ; in which the pen was not idle."

Nor, from this date, was his pen ever idle till he dropped it over an unfinished article in his eighty-sixth year, just one week before he breathed his last.

From the prospectus of the Investigator, we quote a few sentences, to give an idea of its tone:

"Considering, as we do, that political science should be based on moral principle, and that no scheme of morals has ever appeared among men so pure, so salutary, so mild, or so efficient as that furnished by Christianity, we shall endeavor to conform our political maxims to its precepts. * * * Believing, as we do that no free State was ever wholly upheld by its own coercive power, and with Montesquieu, that 'free States have oftener perished through corruption of manners, than violation of laws;' we shall regard the education, manners, and morals of the community as matters of primary interest to the commonwealth. But from this it will not follow that the State, as such, must do *nothing* towards its own preservation. Civil liberty we consider to be founded on law, not on the absence of it. Salutary restraint is its basis. And if civil government may not require its own foundation, it ceases to be a government at all. * * * On all questions involving *moral principle*, we hope to stand aloof from unrighteous compromise. Here we hope to be inflexible, and expect to be accorded stubborn. We must contend that utility neither constitutes virtue, nor can supply its place. In opposition to prevalent error we must maintain that virtue is the only true expediency, to which all specious plans of iniquity must be made to bend. Schemes of national aggrandizement, fancied insults, or hereditary antipathies, we hope will not inspire us with the war-song; nor move us to excite in the community a spirit of revenge. On the contrary, we hope to see among all nations an increasing spirit of equity and aversion to war. We shall take a deep interest in all judicious measures for the final emancipation of the oppressed and enslaved, wherever they exist. We shall watch with an anxious scrutiny the developments of those phenomena of moral enterprise which characterize the present age, with the view of ascertaining from prin-

ciples and from facts their probable or actual bearing upon the interests of virtue and humanity, and with the determination of awarding to each of them the censure or the praise we believe them to deserve. * * * We cannot drag the car of party, nor of personal ambition. We will never consent to thrive by inflaming groundless jealousies, by flattering the vicious, or by courting the profligate. * * * Truth and Righteousness is the motto of our flag, and we nail it to the mast head, content to sink or swim beneath it, as an all wise Providence may determine."

The Investigator drifted so largely into temperance work that in 1829 it was removed to Boston and connected with the "National Philanthropist." Here Mr. Goodell attended the preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher, then in his prime. A year later his paper was again removed to New York, where it was continued under the name of the "Genius of Temperance." As is usual with all papers of which the first aim is a moral and not a financial one, this periodical had a hard struggle for existence. Again and again its indefatigable editor was forced into the lecture field to awaken or keep alive the popular interest in the reforms advocated, and obtain subscribers, and donations, to keep it afloat. Bitterly disappointed, at times, in the apathy of professed Christian men from whom he had a right to expect aid and sympathy, he was well nigh despairing, but never *quite* willing to give up. To one who hinted that he was in danger of neglecting his family, in his zeal for the public good, he wrote: "I know I have a duty to my family and friends, as well as to my country; and that there may be danger of my neglecting the former in my zeal for the latter. But the question is how I shall better discharge my duty to my family and friends, and to myself by relinquishing this business? Providence, indeed, seems to have closed up every other avenue—to have thwarted me on every other course, and to have driven me and confined me to this work, which has been pent up as a fire in my bones for a quarter of a century. Jonah declined his embassy and fled to Tarshish, but the winds and the waves, and the monsters of the deep, saw well to it that he returned and accomplished his task. And the winds and the waves of adversity, since Sept. 1815, have been against me. Not *once* to Tarshish, but *twice* to utmost India, (4,000 miles beyond Tarshish) have I vainly fled. And if the gourd which has sheltered my head while delivering my message, and watching the results, should wither and leave me defenseless, I ought not to murmur, nor to pray that Nineveh

may be spared, though she ill requites my labors, and quotes her impunity to proclaim me a false alarmist for warning her. * * * I rejoice to know that my last year's labor has *not* been in vain, though the unworthy instrument should be thrown aside, either in mercy or in judgment to this people. I have prayed—"send, Lord, by *whom* thou wilt send, yet command deliverances for Jacob;" and I have stayed myself on the promise—"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land; yea, verily, thou shalt be fed." "Though there be no herd in the stall, and the flock be cut off from the fold," yea, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." * * * For the sake of my wife and child, and friends, I will do what will add to their comfort, if I can know what it is. But for myself, "I count not my life dear unto me," so that I can "fulfil as an hireling my day." There will be rest enough in the grave. And "what mean ye to weep and to break my heart, for I am ready not only to labor and suffer perplexity and want, but indeed to wear my life out" in this cause, if I may be instrumental in saving my country."

Six years of severe labor in the city of New York followed, including the terrible cholera summer of 1832, when William Goodell was of the few who did not leave the city, but sending his family to a place of safety, boarded at the Graham boarding house, and toiled early and late in his editorial office, scarcely stopping to eat his meals, but munching his Graham crackers while his pen sped rapidly over his paper, warning the people against the terrible effects of liquor drinking, especially at that trying time. Nor were intemperance and slavery the only vices assailed. Lottery gambling, masonry, political corruption and immorality were severely attacked by his active pen. The new movement for "moral reform," inaugurated by Rev. J. R. McDowall, and opposed—incredible as it may seem—not only by the ignorant or indifferent multitude, but by a majority of professing Christians, was warmly espoused by him. The movement of McDowall, briefly explained, was this; the reformation of fallen women, a severer condemnation of vice in men, placing the sin in either sex upon the same moral plane, and labor for the eradication of the social evil. The persecutions of the devoted and self-denying McDowall in the inauguration of this new reform would hardly be accredited if told to-day. Mr. Goodell not only warmly defended him, and heartily espoused his cause, but besides advocating his principles in the "Genius of Temperance," published for two years a small semi-monthly

paper, the "Female Advocate," of which moral reform, as well as temperance, was an important feature. He also published during a portion of this time, the "Youth's Temperance Lecturer," probably the first child's temperance paper ever published.

It was at this time that Mr. Goodell, together with Lewis and Arthur Tappan, and other temperance reformers, became interested in the lectures of Sylvester Graham, and partially followed his teachings, giving up tea and coffee, meats, and high seasoning, and using the unbolted (or Graham) flour bread. They boarded for a considerable time at the Graham boarding house kept by Mrs. Nicholson, at which Horace Greeley, then a bashful young man, saying little or nothing, imbibed anti-slavery principles from the conversation of those around him at the table. Mr. Goodell adhered to the simple diet adopted at this time, through life, excepting that he never strictly abstained from meats.

More and more the question of slavery loomed up, overshadowing every other. In December, 1833, the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia. Mr. Goodell attended, and assisted in organizing it. In 1834, the "Genius of Temperance" was succeeded by the "Emancipator," of which, as its name indicated, opposition to slavery was the leading feature. At this time the feeling on both sides of the slavery question was at a white heat. Abolitionists were persecuted, mobbed, their lives threatened, and their names cast out as evil.

Mr. Goodell was at one time obliged to leave his home in Brooklyn, with his family, and seek shelter in an obscure locality of New York, till the fury of the mob-oligarchy had spent itself; at another time he barely escaped the grasp of an incoming mob, who clamorously offered a price for his head, as they put to rout an anti-slavery meeting being quietly held in a public hall in New York. In 1836, the Legislatures of several of the Southern States sent communications to the northern Legislatures, desiring them to enact laws, prohibiting the formation of anti-slavery societies, or the expression of anti-slavery sentiments, under severe penalties. The governor of Massachusetts, in his inaugural address, took occasion to severely censure the abolitionists, intimating that they were guilty of an offense punishable at common law. In view of these facts, the Massachusetts anti-slavery society requested a hearing before the Legislature, which was granted. Mr. Goodell was one of the speakers on this occasion, and the red-hot-lava of his indignation

poured forth in a torrent of burning logic and fiery eloquence, under which the Legislative Committee, to whom the question had been referred, sat uneasily, till he characterized the communications of the Southern States as "fetters for northern free-men;" and turning to the chairman of the committee, demanded—"Sir: Are you prepared to attempt putting them on?" when he was peremptorily ordered to sit down, and no further hearing was allowed. Writing almost night and day, Mr. Goodell was able, three days later, to put the plea of the abolitionists, in pamphlet form, into the hands of every member of the Legislature, and to circulate it broadcast through the country. The Legislature took no action on the subject.

But it is impossible, in these few brief pages, to give any adequate idea of the severe labors of Mr. Goodell in this exciting moral warfare. We must pass on.

In 1836 he was strongly urged, by the Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Anti-Slavery Society, and personally by Alvan Stewart, Beriah Green, and Theodore D. Weld, to come to Utica and take charge of a weekly anti-slavery paper to be called "The Friend of Man." This offer he accepted, and edited the "The Friend of Man" in Utica and Whitesboro, six years. Here also he issued his monthly "Anti-Slavery Lecturer" for one year, and commenced his "Christian Investigator" for discussing the religious and ecclesiastical questions involved in the moral struggles before the country. During these years he labored by voice as well as pen; frequently making lecturing tours through New York and the New England States. Nor were his labors confined to the enunciation of general principles. He took a sympathetic *personal interest* in the humblest being who needed his help. His home was not only open to the intellectual, the cultured, and the philanthropic, but to the ragged fugitive slave hiding from his pursuers; or the robbed and bewildered traveler without money, friends, or credit. The outcast, the suffering, even the *sinning*, but repentant, found a friend in him.

He bore a prominent part in the formation of the Liberty Party in Albany in the spring of 1840, a party which the year of its formation polled 7,000 votes for James G. Birney for President, and four years later gave the same candidate 60,000 votes, which later lowered its standard and became the "Free-Soil," and finally the Republican Party.

During the winter of 1843, he lectured on Church reform,

endeavoring to induce churches in complicity with slavery to take action against it, and advocating other reforms in church organizations. A convention was held in Whitesboro to consider the duty of the churches in relation to slavery. Two delegates attended from Honeoye, Ontario County, who brought with them a cordial and pressing invitation to Mr. Goodell to take up his abode with them, and found a church upon the basis of the principles he advocated. This he decided to do, and when past his fiftieth year entered upon his labors as a minister, without seeking or desiring human ordination, and rejecting to the last all titles indicative of the profession. His church was organized on temperance, anti-slavery, and church union principles, and was composed of seceders from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the town of Richmond. Later it received further accessions by profession of faith. Among the distinctive features of this church was the fact that its members subscribed to no creed but the Bible, and that the afternoon service was devoted to a discussion of the subject of the morning's discourse, in which every variety of honest conviction was allowed free expression, and which proved a wonderful stimulus to thought. In these meetings there was "neither bond nor free, male nor female." As an example of the character of these discussions might be mentioned one on "Christian perfection," which was under consideration during six or eight successive Sabbaths, and was divided by the pastor into the following heads:

1. What is it *to be* perfectly holy? Or, what is the *standard* of Christian perfection? Are we *now* under the same law that Adam was under before the fall? The moral law? The law given on Sinai? Or, has the gospel revealed an easier law?
2. Are men *commanded* to be perfect? And what is the import of that command? Does the law, and does the gospel, *require* absolute perfection?
3. Are men naturally able to be perfect? Have they such an *ability* as lays a foundation for the *obligation* to be perfect?
4. Has the gospel made adequate provision for the restoration of men to a state of perfection?
5. Ought Christians to strive after absolute perfection?
6. Has perfection ever been fully attained in the present life?

Most zealously and faithfully did William Goodell labor for the intellectual and spiritual welfare of this church. He aimed to cultivate a high type of piety, and an enlarged benevolence.

He wrote a course of sermons on spirituality and the higher life. He preached a course also to children and youth. During this time he held a series of discussions with one of the most intellectual physicians of the town, on the medical branch of the temperance question, which called out large and delighted audiences.

Earnest Christians from the neighboring towns of Livonia, Lima, and Bloomfield, came often on the Sabbath to hear him preach, and return to their homes refreshed and enobled by his ministrations. Now was the dream of his life realized in a most unexpected and remarkable manner. Often, in the earlier years of his life, had he exclaimed—"O that I could preach the gospel of Jesus Christ as it ought to be preached, to the saving of souls!" "If I were but ten years younger," he said at thirty-five, "I would commence the study of the languages, that I might read the Bible in the original, so as properly to discharge the duties of the ministry." But God had other methods of discipline by which to fit him for his peculiar work; and when in His providence the way was made manifest, he accepted it with joy. Never had he seemed so happy as in fulfilling this obligation. His growth in grace at this period was so evident as to be a subject of remark in his family circle. Nor was the influence of his ministry less beneficial to the community for which he labored. A member of his church, writing years afterwards, said: "We rejoice in the goodness of our Heavenly Father in giving to this people a pastor whose life was so devoted to carrying out the principles of truth and right; his influence is *still* felt, and will be for a long time to come. The character given to Zechariah and Elizabeth, might truly be applied to William Goodell and his wife. "And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Another adds: "We have never known a life so fully conformed to the Divine requirements. Well do we remember his energy and zeal in laboring for the spiritual welfare of this little church." Not an individual was so obscure as to be considered unworthy of his Christian regard and kind consideration.

He was peculiarly adapted to conduct funeral services, as his tenderness, and exquisitely sympathetic nature solemnized and deepened the impressions of religious truth left upon every mind. These ministrations never failed to touch the heart, and leave an abiding sense of eternal realities. This peculiar gift, in contrast with his stern denunciations of sin, combined to render him eminently *Christ like*.

During the greater portion of this time he continued to publish his *Christian Investigator*. The idea of this publication may perhaps be better conveyed by some extracts from its first number, than by any description. The first article is entitled "Acceptable Worship; its Nature and Effects." In it he says: "To worship God is to love Him. To love Him is to love moral beauty. It is to be enamored with spotless purity; to be delighted with infinite excellence. But truly to love virtue is to be virtuous. To adore purity is to pant after it; to attain it! To be delighted with moral excellence is to seize upon and possess it. What a man loves he *imitates*. What a man loves he *becomes*. What an immortal spirit *loves* he himself *is*, and determines *to be*. * * * The worshiper of God becomes God-like. The worshiper of Christ becomes Christ-like. * * * Thus it is that Christ becomes the all-sufficient Savior, the true God and eternal life, to those who truly adore Him. To trust in Him, to have faith in Him, to adore Him, to choose Him as the everlasting portion of the soul—these are only different modes of expressing the same thing. To worship Him is to behold and appreciate the image of the invisible God. It is to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of God."

In the next article, entitled "The Church a Reformatory Association," he lays down as a foundation principle, "that the true people of God are *reformers*, and that the true church of Jesus Christ, as He constituted and designed it, is a REFORMATORY CHURCH; that its legitimate business is warfare without compromise, against every possible description of sin, and *especially* against the prominent sins of the age and nation where its lot is cast, and to the influence of which it is exposed; a warfare with sin in the outward act and habit, as well as with sin in the inward motive, affection and temper; a warfare against sin in the detail, as well as against sin in the aggregate; sin in the concrete as well as sin in the abstract." It concludes with this paragraph: "*Reformation must begin at the house of God*. Until THIS work is attempted, all our other attempts at reformation will prove futile." Other articles discussed practical methods of carrying out these principles, and reviewed objections. In writing to a friend at the time of starting the "Investigator," he said: "What we most need is a reformation in the *ministry and churches*. To this object the new paper will be devoted. This department of effort has been neglected too long, and the uncultivated ground is growing up with rank weeds. Witness the anti-church move-

ments in Massachusetts and this State! What else could be expected? If the *church* will not carry on the work of reform, what marvel that the *world* should attempt it? And what marvel if the attempt should bear marks of its worldly origin? Christianity embodies the only true principles and measures of reform, and who should wield these but the ministry and the churches?

During his residence in Honeoye, Mr. Goodell made frequent short lecturing tours through neighboring towns and counties; sometimes speaking every evening during the week. He occasionally went further, attending conventions at a distance. In 1846 he bore a prominent part in forming the American Missionary Association, at Albany, and wrote the "Address" issued by the Convention there assembled, which Wm. W. Patton, D. D., has since characterized as "full of seed-thoughts on every part of the Missionary work." It was about this time that he wrote his argument on the unconstitutionality of slavery, writing in the heat of summer, in feeble health, sitting at the bedside of a sick child, whom he fanned, or soothed, with one hand, while he wrote with the other. The argument has been pronounced unanswerable by some of the best minds in the country. For the purpose of writing on the legal aspect of the slavery question, he read elementary law works carefully, till he became so well versed in the science, that he was urged to apply for admission to the bar, being assured that there would be no difficulty in securing admission. But he cared too little for the empty honor to make the attempt.

It was during his residence in Honeoye that he wrote his "Democracy of Christianity," in two volumes; his history of "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," in the United States, and his "American Slave Code," which described the tenor and effects of the slavery legislation of the South.

In 1851 he made a lecturing tour through the Western States as far as Chicago.

In 1852 he went to New York to attend to the publication of his books, and was induced by friends to remain there permanently and edit an anti-slavery paper. This seemed the *then* most needed work, as the aggressions of slavery, by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, were threatening to inundate the entire country. He edited a monthly paper entitled the "Radical Abolitionist," in which he advocated the ability, duty, and necessity of the Federal Government to abolish slavery in the South-

ern States. He also wrote a series of able and masterly articles on the "Legal Tenure of Slavery," for the *National Era*, in which he showed conclusively that slavery, being contrary to the common law, and never legalized by statutory enactment in this country, (though statutes had been enacted recognizing and upholding it) was absolutely illegal, as well as unconstitutional. His paper was, after a time, enlarged, converted into a weekly, and called the "*Principia*;" Dr. Geo. B. Cheever being, during a portion of the time, his associate in editorial labor. This paper was continued during the war, and until after the abolition of slavery, for which object it earnestly and unceasingly labored. The evening before the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Goodell, Dr. Cheever, and Dr. Brown of New York were with President Lincoln until midnight, urging the measure upon him, lest, as some feared, his resolution might falter. They went to him with the fervor and enthusiasm, one might almost say with the *inspiration* of the Old Testament prophets; and a "Thus saith the Lord," rang through all their utterances, till the President remarked, with the dry humor for which he was distinguished, "Really, gentlemen, this is the first time that I ever had the honor of being waited on by a delegation from the Lord!" Mr. Goodell quickly responded, "President Lincoln, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest!" and proceeded to quote passage after passage of the Old Testament denunciations of oppression, and commands to let the oppressed go free, to execute justice, and to show mercy. He afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing some of his own expressions embodied in the Proclamation, which was issued the next day at noon.

During his residence in New York, or rather in the eastern district of Brooklyn, where his home was situated, he was a member of a small Congregational Church of radical anti-slavery and temperance principles, of which Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, of the American Missionary Association, was pastor. He preached frequently, though not stately, in this and other pulpits; at one time supplying the pulpit of Dr. Cheever, during his absence. He made occasional lecturing tours through New York and New England; one of marked success through Vermont, in 1858, under the leadership of Governor Fletcher of that State.

In the spring of 1865 he removed, in feeble health, to the town of Lebanon, in Connecticut, where he and his wife boarded in the family of a relative. Here the fresh country air and farm

living, together with the quiet and freedom from care, restored him to vigorous health, for a man of his years. He had ever been an ardent lover of nature, and greatly enjoyed his long country rambles, gathering berries and wild flowers, and very probably composing, as he strolled along, the article which he dashed off so rapidly on his return. For he did not drop his pen with the abolition of slavery, but wielded it vigorously in favor of total abstinence and prohibition, woman suffrage, and religion. During his five years residence in Connecticut he was a frequent contributor to the *National Temperance Advocate*, and many other temperance and some local papers; also to the *Hartford Religious Herald*, the "*Panoplist*" of Boston, and "*Good News*" of New York.

He also wrote a theological work entitled "*The Highest Good*;" re-wrote and enlarged the poem of his youth, "*The Christian Warfare*;" and commenced a work on the "*Life and teachings of Christ*." He filled the pulpit of the Congregational Church at Bozrahville for more than a year, and was a frequent supply in other pulpits. He attended various temperance conventions at easy distances, in which he participated; and in September, 1869, went to Chicago, by pressing invitation of prominent temperance workers, where he aided in forming the National Prohibition Party.

In June, 1870, he removed, with his wife, to Janesville, Wisconsin, where his daughter, Mrs. Frost, resided; and where he was joined in the fall of 1871, by his younger daughter. Here he took great pleasure in the society of his daughters and grandsons, and entered as heartily into the passing events of the city and State, as in his younger days in the East; frequently attending conventions and ministers' meetings in different localities. He was a constant attendant of the Y. M. C. A. morning prayer meetings, through summer's heat and winter's cold, frequently leading the meetings. He occasionally supplied the Congregational pulpit, and spoke at public temperance and religious meetings. Here he finished his voluminous work on the *Life and Teachings of Christ*, and wrote a prize essay on the social aspect of the temperance question. He wrote for the local papers, and continued his contributions to temperance and religious journals; besides contributing occasional articles to the literary clubs of Janesville.

On the 4th of July, 1873, he and his faithful and devoted wife celebrated their golden wedding; their two daughters and

three of their grandsons being present; the eldest sending, from Oberlin College, a poem for the occasion. The wedded life thus celebrated had been one of rare harmony and beauty. Theirs was one of the few marriages in which the illusion of first love is never dispelled. It is difficult to tell which was most devoted to the other. The marriage was one in which were recognized equal rights and mutual obligations, and the harmony was a harmony of liberty and not of subjugation. The movement for the equal rights of woman had Mr. Goodell's hearty sympathy. It was at his suggestion that his youngest daughter studied law, and one of his last expressed wishes was that she should make the profession her life-work.

He attended the re-union of Abolitionists in Chicago, in June, 1874, and participated in the proceedings; but came home quite fatigued from the exertion and excitement, and never left Janesville again. His mind remained active to the last, and he continued to write for the press to within a week of his death, being engaged in a series of articles on the history and results of the Maine law, which he had nearly completed. He was interested in every new reform, and ever hopeful for the future, having a firm faith in the coming of that day when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." The proper treatment of the Indian and the Chinese, the questions of prison reform, and of peace and international arbitration, of free-trade, and civil service reform, all received his hearty interest and sympathy.

He passed gently away, like a tired child falling asleep, on the evening of the 14th of February, 1878. His faithful and beloved wife followed him a few weeks later. They left two children, Mrs. Maria G. Frost, now of Michigan, the author of some Sunday-School books of note, and Lavinia Goodell, attorney, Janesville, Wis.; and four grand-children, the sons of Mrs. Frost, viz: William Goodell Frost, teacher of Greek at Oberlin College, Ohio, and Lewis C., Nelson A., and Willard J. Frost, now with their parents in Michigan.

Of his published works, the principal are: "The Democracy of Christianity," in two volumes, 770 pages, published in 1852; "Slavery and Anti-Slavery, a History of the Great Struggle in both Hemispheres," 600 pages, 1855; "The American Slave Code, in Theory and Practice," 400 pages, 1853. Smaller works are: "Views of American Constitutional Law in its bearings upon American Slavery," a good sized pamphlet of over 150

pages, fine print, published in 1845; "Our National Charters," embracing the Federal Constitution, the Articles of Confederation, the Declaration of Independence, and the Articles of Association, with notes showing their bearing on the question of Slavery, 1857; "American Slavery a formidable obstacle to the conversion of the World," a prize pamphlet of 24 pages, published by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in 1854; "The Rights and Wrongs of Rhode Island," 1842; "The Kansas Struggle of 1856 in Congress and in the Presidential Campaign, with Suggestions for the Future," 1857; "Slavery Limitation Abandoned, in Theory and Practice, by the Defenders of the Crittenden-Lecompton Compromise," 1858.

He left unpublished his "Life and Teachings of Christ," "The Highest Good," and "The Christian Warfare," a poem, besides several minor poems and fragments. His early literary taste was for poetry, but his earnest battles with evil left him little leisure to indulge and cultivate this taste. Of his unpublished poems we give a few. The first bears no date, but is written on paper yellow and crumbling with age, and in the firm, clear hand of youth.

"THE MINSTREL.

- "He had a lyre, once, and its tones were sweet
 As evening's passing breath, yet strangely wild;
 And oft as morn the dewy hills did greet,
 Or evening in the valleys lingered mild,
- "And from the joyous east the moonbeam smiled,
 He touched in secret, soft, the magic strings;
 And as the sound his youthful soul beguiled,
 Swift Fancy bore him on her airy wings.
- "And then he dreamed of strange, unnatural things,
 Of friendships that outrode misfortune's storms;
 Of worth and merit in the courts of kings;
 Of noble souls that dwelt in manly forms.
- "Of honesty he dreamed, that gathered gold;
 Of thrifty villainy that was despised;
 Of patriots honored, when grown poor and old;
 Of sages by their country known and prized.
- "Of Justice, too, he dreamed, that ruled the State,
 Of laws that bound th' oppressor—not th' oppressed;
 Of innocence protected by the great;
 Of genius with the smiles of Fortune blessed.

"Of hopes, he dreamed, that warmed the guileless breast,
 Nor gleam'd their hapless votaries to enthrall;
 Of pleasures that composed the heart to rest,
 Nor tinged the cup of life with bitter gall.

"Ah! idle dreams! illusive—transient—all!
 When years had waked him into real life,
 Listless he heard Ambition's rousing call,
 And rather shunned than sought the mad'ning strife.

"'And thou, false lyre,' he said, 'whose siren sound
 Inspired the hopes that hath my bosom wrung,
 Sink, with thine own fallen phantoms to the ground,
 And there forever lie thy chords unstrung!'

* * * * *

"Years rolled—the breath of heaven was in that lyre,
 Though doomed neglected in the dust to sleep;
 While from the minstrel's heart an unblown fire
 Kindled his blood-shot eye that could not weep.

"Calm with the apathy of hopeless woe,
 A seeming stoic, from despair suppressed
 He stood; like Heckla, crowned with ice and snow,
 Mocking the burning lava in her breast."

Although he was of a rarely sensitive and refined nature, and had to contend with much that was coarse, hard and bitter, this is the only writing he has left in which there is a tinge of cynicism; and it is one which, so far as the writer knows, he never published, never alluded to, and never showed to any one. Since it ranks amongst the finest of his poems in poetic merit, he probably withheld it as not breathing the Christian hope and faith which characterize most of his writings. Of different tone is the following, marked 1853.

"MY THREE-SCORE YEARS.

"My three-score years! my three-score years!
 Ah! whither have ye fled?
 'Mid sunny smiles, and rain-drop tears,
 How swiftly have ye sped!

"O'er graves of friends I seem to tread,
 Their forms before me rise;
 I hear their voices 'round my head,
 When darkness seals my eyes.

- "The winds that kiss the ancient trees,
And lift my whiten'd hair,
The music of the evening breeze,
The morning's balmy air,
- "Or winters wild, or summers fair,
Or sleet or whirlwind blast,
Alike the flight of years declare,
Pains—pleasures—conflicts, past.
- "My childhood's glee, my youth's fond plan,
My manhood's ardent chase,
The labors of my narrow span
Before me rise apace,
- "To tell me of my lengthen'd race,
My struggle almost o'er,
The hour when I must yield my place,
Nor plan, nor purpose more.
- "To Thee, O God, the deep resolve—
The prayer, the midnight sigh
Was breathed, that bade my years revolve
To aims and efforts high.
- "To break Oppression's iron chain,
And Pleasure's madd'ning bowl,
Imbruted man to raise again
To manliness of soul.
- "With holy Law's benign control,
The violent to bind;
From Error's bond to loose the soul,
To free the imprisoned mind.
- "*These*, that my early thoughts designed,
My labors still engage,
A lengthen'd chain that serves to bind
My youth and hoary age.
- "The win'try blasts that round me rage,
And life's warm current chill,
My early ardor scarce assuage
My mission to fulfill.
- "Father! submissive to Thy will,
I wait Thy high behest;
With feeble powers to labor still,
Or lay me down to rest.
- "But, O! be mine the portion, blest,
Rich fruits of toil to see!
Some sunlit spot, no more oppress'd,
Restor'd to *man*, and *THEE*!

"The leper cleans'd—the slave set free—
 And Babel's tott'ring towers;
 Be *these* the scenes reserv'd for me
 In life's declining hours:

"Or, on some Pisgah's lofty height,
 The promis'd land to view,
 With Zion's pearly gates in sight,
 And glories rich and new.

"Not in *my* strength, O Lord, but *Thine*,
 The warfare was begun,
 Not on *my* brow, but at *Thy* shrine,
 Be all the garlands won.

"No merit, when my work is done,
 Nor honor would I claim;
 But plead for mercy, through Thy Son,
 And pardon in His name."

We give entire a poem written by him twenty years later, in 1873, on the 50th anniversary of the marriage of intimate friends and family relatives, whose golden wedding occurred within a few months of his own.

POEM,

DEDICATED TO

JOHN W. AND MIRA C. HILL,

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THEIR

GOLDEN WEDDING,

At Green Point, Sept. 30, 1873.

"Friends and kindred, well beloved,
 'In the days of Auld Lang Syne,'
 Oft your friendship have we proved,
 Often seen your good works shine.
 With congratulations sweet,
 You, once more, we gladly greet.

"Fifty years have rolled away,
 Since your youthful nuptial day;
 Still we seem to see you stand,
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
 Each to each in fealty true,
 Yielding mutual service due.

"Fifty years of wedded life,
Without jealousy or strife,
In a feverish, fickle age,
When divorces are the rage.

"While foul Treason's traitorous band
Threatened severance of the land,
Loyal still ye steadfast stood,
To your own and country's good.
Truthful fealty, well ye saw,
Links true Liberty with Law;
And the love that's pure and free
Lives through all eternity.

"While King Alcohol bears sway
O'er the statesmen of to-day,
Scattering wide with murderous hand,
Maddening poisons through the land,
Severing holiest marriage ties,
And the arm of Law defies,
Yours', dear friends, the work has been
To confront this 'Man of Sin.'
Would all Christians do the same,
Soon would cease this crime and shame:
Truth should reign,—her sway be owned,—
Tyrant Alcohol dethroned.

"Fifty years! with record bright,
Era of increasing light,
Rushing on with light'ning speed—
Helps for many a human need.
Triumphs new, for rights of man;
Telegraphs, the world to span;
Contests sharp of Right with Wrong;
Weak ones struggling with the strong.
Age of action, age of thought,
Age when noble deeds are wrought,
Age when bubbles come to naught,
Age with nameless dangers fraught,
Age of wonders—your's and our's,
Well it tasked our feeble powers,
While together we have stood,
Laboring for our Country's good.
Age, instructive to review,
Gathering truths both old and new,
Truths from falsehoods to discern,
Those to cherish, these to spurn.

"Fifty years! Alas! how few
Now remain, whom once we knew.

Other actors tread the stage,
 Other cares their thoughts engage;
 Yet the world's affairs go on,
 Missing not the millions gone.
 Light with darkness still contends,
 Christ His Kingdom still extends;
 Changes great our eyes have seen,
 Greater change those changes mean.
 Works of Providence, begun,
 Die not with our setting sun.
 Other laborers throng the field;
 Seed we've sown *their* harvests yield,
 Even as seed our sires had sown,
 For *our* hands have harvests grown.
 Implements, adapted well,
 Future uses may foretell;
 Ploughs, well-shaped to turn the soil,
 Antedate the tiller's toil;
 Free sojourn—free thought—free speech,
 Steam proclaims, and light'nings preach.
 Ne'er as now, since time began,
 Man could converse hold with man.
 Words that burn, and thoughts that soar,
 Glide beneath old Ocean's roar;
 Famished nations questions send
 To the earth's remotest end;
 Instant answers promise bread,—
 'Speedily shall ye be fed.'
 Commerce, science, truths divine,
 Round the globe their cords entwine;
 Distance vanishes—a dream,
 Realms remote our neighbors seem;
 Once neglected, but no more,
 Lo! they crowd our opened door,
 Light and knowledge to implore.

"Fifty years are gone and past,
 Dying on the autumnal blast;
 Wondrous years of thought and strife,—
 Nations struggling into life,
 Slavery banished in a day,
 Heathen idols cast away,
 Isles of the Pacific Sea,
 Won, O, Prince of Peace, for Thee.

"Fifty years have run their race;
 Other fifty claim their place,
 To complete what these began,
 For the rising race of man.

What their mighty deeds shall be,
 Ages that succeed shall see:
 Yet the shadows of the Past
 Well the Future might forecast.
 Backward roll not Nature's wheels,
 Onward strides their task reveals;
 Past and Present, well combined,
 Form the warp that Heaven designed
 For the woof of future years,
 'Till the finished web appears.
 Revolutions once begun
 Show their course as rivers run.

"Thus interpreted, our Age
 Promise gives of widening gauge.
 While the wheels of Progress roll
 Forward to their destined goal,
 Mark we not the "rights of man,"
 Widened from a narrow span?
 For companionship designed,
 Say, shall *Woman* wait behind?
 While *he* reigns upon the throne,
 'Good' were it 'to be alone?'
 Through his empire must he ride,
 Without woman at his side?
 Rising with him to her 'sphere,'
 Shall she not herself appear?
 Queenly help for kingly man!
 Was not this bright Eden's plan?
 Is not now the curse removed,—
 Promised boon, by Heaven approved,—
 Since upon the Serpent's head
 Woman's seed has come to tread?

"Friends beloved, your loving life,
 Free from tyranny and strife,
 Lively illustrations lend
 To the thougets we here have penn'd.
 Equal burdens, equal cares,
 Mutual counsels, aids and prayers,
 Equal interests, duties, rights,
 Each with each in love unites.
 Thus forever may it be,
 Now and in Eternity.
 On your fiftieth nuptial day,
 Now, as ever, thus we pray.

WILLIAM GOODELL,

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 20, 1873.

His funeral took place from the Congregational Church of Janesville, Wis., of which he was a member, on Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 17, 1878, and was largely attended by his friends both in Janesville and from a distance. From the discourse of the pastor, Rev. T. P. Sawin, on the occasion, we give some extracts:

"I am speaking within bounds when I say that the length of his service in the cause of temperance and anti-slavery exceeds that of any living man, and that its influence and power rank second with none. I am aware of names which have shone with greater brilliancy, and have had a wider fame; but I know of none that can point to greater or more enduring results. * * *

"Above all things, he trusted in God. Herein lies the secret of his ministerial success. That little church in Honeoye, N. Y., to which he preached, and for which he labored eight successive years, was clearly built upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone. It was independent as the church at Corinth, or the one in Galatia or Ephesus. He received no human ordination, or earthly imposition of hands. Like Paul, he was called to be an apostle, 'not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father.' He had such implicit faith in the Bible, as God's word, such magnificent trust in its wholeness, and in its sufficiency, that it alone was his creed; and it alone the creed of his church. Other churches, at that time, with their creeds and confessions, did not keep from their communion slave-holders and wine-bibbers; yet that Independent Reform Church, standing alone and exclusively on the revealed Word, never once fellowshiped the man who sold his brother men either to the bondage of unrequited toil, or the slavery of strong drink.

"For himself and for his church, he believed in freedom of thought and freedom of speech. When the morning sermon was over, the people gathered in the afternoon, took up the theme, and freely discussed it. So they grew strong in the faith, and equipped themselves with the weapons of warfare in the fight against sin. In the meantime he crowded his hours with work. The King's call was urgent, and he could not delay or loiter. From the editorial chair, he went to the lecture platform and the preacher's desk. Without a college training, he became skilled in the arts of the dialectician, and practiced in all the devices of logic. Unlearned in professional schools, he mastered the sciences of law and theology. His 'American Slave Code' was re-published in England; and 'Our National Charters' pre-

sented an argument which our best constitutional lawyers treated with the respect due to a 'foeman worthy of their steel,' while his 'Democracy of Christianity' stands as a monument not only of his genius as a critical theologian, but it exhibits his broad catholic spirit, and his unwavering adhesion to that thorough-going evangelical Christianity which is first pure, then peaceable, but at all times sound, and clear, and strong.

"As an illustration of his faith in the purposes of God, and the constant spirit in which he labored, take this extract from the work I have just mentioned. The theme of the chapter is the Scripture prophecies.

"'Here, then,' he says, 'is matter and occasion of devout gratitude, profound adoration, fraternal and filial affection, unshaken confidence, sublime faith, unwearied endeavor, patient endurance triumphant anticipation, and serene hope. The statesman, the patriot, the philanthropist, the moralist, the reformer, the explorer of nature, the investigator of arts, the teacher of science, the poet, the logician, these, as well as the theologian, the missionary, the preacher of the gospel, if they rightly understand themselves, and each other, and the work to which they are called, may find themselves co-operating, each in his own chosen field of labor, for the ultimate restoration of the species to the high station in reserve for them under the moral and providential government of God, and in fulfillment of His purposes of mercy revealed in the gospel of His Son Jesus Christ. And this must of necessity involve the practical recognition of their common brotherhood, and the security of their inherent and inalienable rights. Christianity can be satisfied with nothing less; Democracy can demand nothing more. The single assurance that the Saviour shall "see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied," if we rightly understand its wide scope and bearing, may suffice to relieve us of doubts in respect to the enterprise in which those are engaged who labor wisely for the emancipation of humanity, and the overthrow of despotic power. It is a democratic Christianity, it is a Christian democracy, that must emancipate and save men. Mere names and forms, either of Christianity or of democracy, will avail nothing. When the precepts of Christianity are reduced to practice, when its principles are honored, when its living spirit inspires men, then the nations will be truly and permanently disenthralled. If the Son of Man make them free, they shall be free indeed.'

"This is strong writing; it is forcible; it is calm. But did he

dream, when he wrote it, that emancipation was hardly a dozen years away? I know not; but I do know that he fully believed that slavery was doomed, and that the day-star of freedom had already arisen.

"I have scarcely spoken of his personal traits; his strong and persevering will; his indomitable and unflinching purposes, his well defined convictions, his large charity, in word and deed and thought, and his wonderful tenderness, that made him so thoroughly loved and so truly revered in his family, and in the communities where he has dwelt. These things add to the sweetness and charm of his memory, more even than the great things he has accomplished. Yet they were the King's thread that ran through all his life, and characterized all his actions. He thought not of himself, but of others; and when one of his great objects in life came to a successful consummation, then he turned to another with unflagging zeal and industry. It is chiefly as a laborer in the cause of temperance that we have known him; though there are those here who have been his fellow acquaintances and helpers for half a century; some even have shared with him in the perils of his work. When, however, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Constitutional amendments guaranteeing its provisions had become history, he turned all the force of his intellect and heart into the work of saving men from the intoxicating cup. The story of that work cannot be told here. Time would fail me to recount his Herculean labors in this direction; but almost the last words of his life were a regret that he had not been able to finish a series of articles on this subject. But what he has done has been well done, and his reward will be commensurate with his intention.

"Yet I must not fail to notice distinctly what I have implied all the way through, that he was emphatically a Christian man. We have known him as such, and heartily bear witness to his own declaration made in his eighty-third year: 'My religious, theological, and ethical views remain substantially what they were at the beginning, distinctly evangelical, intensified rather than diluted or modified. *These*, as foundation principles, have been the inspiration and guide of my activities and measures, in opposition to antagonizing influences of worldly utilitarian expediency, and consequent compromise of moral right. My life-long experiences have illustrated the efficacy of prayer, as an instrumentality of accomplishment; all skeptical doubts, objections, and incredulity to the contrary notwithstanding.'

"This, then, is the crowning glory of the man, that in all things he based his actions on Christian principles; and after eighty years of trial, in the full vigor of his manhood, with a conscience unsullied by falsehood, and with the certain knowledge that he was soon going hence, he declared that the convictions of his youth were the strength of his manhood, and the stay of his old age. Doubtless he saw as much, and had as much reason for distrusting the progress of good as any man, yet such was his confidence in God as a Sovereign Ruler, and such his belief in the omnipotence of righteousness, that he fully trusted to its victory in this world. He had no patience with those who go about prophesying ruin, ruin and devastation, and catastrophic destructions; but he looked forward and abroad over the world, and shared the larger hope that 'good should fall, at last to all;' and that on this earth, the kingdom which is not of this world should be fully and triumphantly set up within it, and Jesus should reign, not by any temporal exhibition of authority, but by the unfleeting and immortal authority of an inward rule in the hearts of all men.

"But what more should I say on an occasion like this? Words would fail me, were they winged with the eloquence of angels. Insufficient and unsatisfactory are all utterances made in behalf of the memory of the good. But I have dared to come up on the high plane of retrospect, feeling and believing that in the midst of this somewhat triumphant and joyous strain you would clearly detect the consolation of God, wherewith He would console you in your suffering.

"Uplifted high, in heart and hope, are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
Still nobler work remains for him to do."

"Bear now his body away to its last resting place, there to remain till the heavens be no more. His spirit already mingles with the brave and good of all ages; for he has gone over to the majority. Let the bells toll out their solemn farewell, while we march on to the grave that bears no token of victory. In our hearts there come the words, slightly changed, but fitly spoken, concerning one of England's worthies, and which are no less fitting for him.

"His voice is silent in our house and church
Forever, and, whatever tempests lower,
Forever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke,

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor faltered with the eternal God for power;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the Right.
 Not once or twice in our far-famed history
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
 He that ever following her commands,
 On, with toil of heart, and knees and hands
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevailed,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
 Are close upon the shining table lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he; his work is done;
 He is gone, who seemed so great;
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here—and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state;
 And that he wears a truer crown,
 Than any wealth that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown—
 Lay your earthly fancies down—
 God accept him; Christ receive him.'"

We cannot close this memorial without making brief mention of a fondly cherished project of its subject, which he left unfulfilled. It has been remarked that poetry was his favorite department of literature, and one which he would fain have followed had not the exigencies of the times forced him to choose whether he would *live* poetry rather than *write* it. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, that unusual combination of qualities, a highly *poetic* nature, combined with a strictly, even severely *logical* cast of mind. Of the latter, his contemporaries were well aware; the former was hidden from most of them. Yet so intensely did it struggle to assert itself, that during the brief intervals which he could snatch from his busy, active warfare with evil, during middle life, he projected and commenced to write an epic poem, entitled, "Redemption; or Human Progress; a Song of the Ages." He sketched a "plan" of this, from which we quote enough to convey his leading idea.

"An epic or heroic poem celebrates an arduous enterprise, terminating in a memorable event, and accomplished by an illustrious hero. The more magnificent the enterprise, the greater the obstacles surmounted, the more glorious the consummation, the more illustrious and mighty the hero, the more grand will be the plan or design of the epic by which these are celebrated.

"In all these particulars there is no existing or conceivable

epic, or plan or design of an epic, that compares with that of an epic which should celebrate the work of Human Redemption, and the process of human recovery, past, present, and future, to the final consummation of all things. No enterprise can be so magnificent; no event or consummation so glorious; no hero comparable to the Author and Finisher—the Captain of human salvation.

“That exposition of the Christian theology which makes most of this work of Redemption, which presents the greatest obstacles to its accomplishment, in the character of man, and in the nature of the Divine government, which at the same time makes most of the original dignity of human nature, and its capacities of affinity to Deity, which makes most of the solemnity of human conduct, responsibility, and destiny, which presents the strongest *contrasts* of human character and destiny, which most highly exalts the Messiah, and therefore most magnifies the condescension of His humiliation—that exposition of Christianity is best adapted to the purpose of a sublime epic. And the very consideration that this is so, furnishes a presumptive evidence that *that* exposition is the legitimate and true one. For it were absurd and impious to suppose that the human imagination is capable of conceiving a more sublime and interesting scheme of the universe, and of the Divine operations, than that which already exists, and of which God is the Subject and Author.

“Compare the gods of heathenism with Jehovah; and compare the wars and voyages of Ulysses, Hector, Æneas, and the founding of the Roman Empire, after the burning of Troy, with the plan of Divine and human operations involved in the work of Redemption. Compare the heroes of those heathen wars with the Messiah, and you will have the *contrast* (I will not call it the *comparison*) between the celebrated heathen epics, and the epic that should be composed from the Bible.

“Milton and Pollock have done much for the honor of Christian poetry, and had their plans equalled their execution, they would have thrown the heathen poets immeasurably into the background. Indeed they have done so, as it is; but neither Milton nor Pollock were sufficiently comprehensive in their plans.

“Many important objects would be accomplished by presenting a Christian epic which should properly celebrate the work of human redemption, and the fact of human progress. It would present the Christian theology in an attractive and impressive view. It would awaken new interest, and inspire new hopes of

the progressive elevation of man. It would accordingly stimulate to holier and more consistent efforts for the elevation of humanity. * * *

"The connection of Christian theology with Christian ethics, should be apparent. A spirit of brotherly love, and tender regard for humanity, should pervade the whole work, and it should be so planned and executed as to inspire and foster that spirit.

"The fact of human progress and amelioration should be made apparent. The Christian millennium should occupy a prominent place, and be shown to be both scriptural and rational—the *consummation*, without which the enterprise should be a failure. This would give an air of hope and triumph to the poem.

"The moral and the poetical effect should, at every step, be combined, and become identical. Christianity furnishes the best possible field, materials, and opportunity for this.

"The truly poetic of Christianity is spiritual; and its spirituality is poetic.

"The heathen epics are histories of bloody wars, and the events and results connected with them. The Christian epic should record the great moral and intellectual conflicts and triumphs of the world—all that pertains to the moral and intellectual elevation of man."

Some seventy-five pages in manuscript are all that we find written of this projected poem. From the fragment we make a few brief extracts.

The second book opens thus:

"Harp of the rolling ages! Thou whose song
Unceasing, notes the measur'd march of Time,
Thyself, thy flowing numbers, to the years
Yielding their cadence, evermore attun'd
To harmony with Heav'n's eternal plan;
Thine is the music of the circling spheres,
And thine the song, still varying, and yet one,
Of long revolving cent'ries. When thy notes
Fall scattered on the untun'd and transcient ears
Of heedless mortals, jarring dissonance
Disturbs them; but thy voice is music sweet
To him whose faith seraphic, list'ning long,
Catches and holds thy glorious symphonies,
As heard in Heav'n, or at the final close,
Where, like the rays of light, that travel down
For centuries, to visit this dark earth,
From suns thus distant, all thy tones arriv'd,
Are all, at length, in fit proportion heard,
And God's harmonious Providence expressed."

In the first book is described a conference of the Powers of Darkness, in which Satan and his minions discuss how they shall proceed to conquer the human race to evil, which we would gladly quote did space permit. They are described as celebrating,

“’Mid horrid orgies, and demonial feast,”

the recent murder of Abel, and and their conquest of Cain and his posterity. Moloch advises war as the best means of accomplishing the ruin of man; Mammon would substitute wealth; Belial suggests pleasure as preferable to either of the others, both which would develop the virtues of industry and thrift. Satan decides upon a union of the three. The scene closes thus:

“He ceas’d, mid earthquake thund’rings of acclaim
 From all that dismal conclave, with one shout
 That shook the firmament, and echo’d back
 From deep perdition; then, the dense dark cloud
 That did enclose them, burst with sudden shock,
 And a sulph’rous show’r; as *Ætna* ashes sheds
 At times, o’er Sicily, sure presage found
 Of quick eruption, and the baleful flood
 Of burning lava pour’d impetuous forth
 Upon the plains and villages below;
 So from that high volcano’s cloudy womb
 Forth issuing, legions upon legions roll’d
 Downward towards earth, a cataract huge
 And horrible; thence spreading far and wide
 On plain ethereal, while their dragon wings,
 Like hast’ning hail-storms urged by tempests, roar’d,
 And all the o’ereast horizon with them lower’d.
 Then soon was witness’d in the darkling west,
 What seem’d a warrior’s standard, high uprear’d,
 Beside an altar smear’d with clotted gore.
 There grisly Moloch, as with beat of drum,
 Loud sounding timbrel, and with trumpet blast,
 Summon’d his armies, gath’ring there, apace,
 From all that multitude who sought renown,
 By deeds of slaughter, and the trade of blood
 Fit spirits to inflame that thirst on earth.
 Far distant, in the bright and gorgeous east,
 O’er spicy groves that lent their rich perfumes,
 Belial, his brow with rosy garlands deck’d,
 On silken clouds with graceful ease reclined,
 And with sweet sounds of dulcimer and lute,
 And show of sore’ress sylphs that round him whirl’d
 In mazy dance, lascivious, dissolute,

His vot'ries gather'd; pleasure their employ,
 And all the arts seductive Pleasure plies,
 Her cheated victims to decoy and slay;
 Thus train'd to play their part in scenes of earth.
 In midway zenith, on his golden throne,
 With splendor shining, like meridian sun,
 Sat Mammon, and with proffer'd prizes bought
 The crowds that drew around him, bent on gain.
 Ready, in turn, with gold, to purchase men,
 Seduc'd to sell themselves, and thence prepar'd
 To purchase one another, as brute beasts,
 Traffic abhor'd, in blood and human souls;
 Th' assembly thus assorted, marshal'd train'd,
 And sub-divided, under diverse chiefs
 Subordinate, in order fitly rang'd,
 Yet separate, th' infernal armies stood;
 Each individual knew his rank and post,
 The work assigned him on the earth below.
 Silence prevailed; and curious, secret arts,
 Signals, and pass-words, grips, and counter-signs,
 Wink of the eye, position of the foot,
 And lesson of the fingers, were enjoined,
 Devise of craft, to cover dev'lish deeds,
 First taught by Belial. Then, at signal giv'n,
 In silence, one by one, in order strict,
 Drop'd singly down, in quiet, gentle fall,
 Like snow-flakes, fading slowly as they fell,
 To shadowy dimness first, like phantoms frail,
 Vaguely discern'd, impalpable as mist,
 Then vanishing, invisible as air,
 And standing unperceiv'd in haunts of men,
 All unsuspectingly inhal'd as breath,
 Or, through the ear, unheard, suggesting dreams,
 In sleep, or waking; springs of fancy touch'd,
 Nerve sympathetic, or evolving brain,
 Or mystic fluid magnetic, seat of life
 Perhaps, or undiscoverable link
 Twixt mind and matter, these in turn assail'd
 As best might suit their purpose, dark and foul.
 Satan, meantime, among them, gliding swift,
 And passing to and fro through all the earth,
 Like roaring lion, seeking to devour."

Various types of human character, before the flood, are described. Among them this:

"In those days, he who walked by Virtue's side
 Thus walked because he loved her loveliness,

And drank the sweetness of her angel smile
 Enraptur'd; and desir'd no other lot,
 No other recompense; conceiving well
 That love of Holiness is love of God,
 And love of God is blessedness and Heaven.
 He walked not thus with Holiness and God
 At bidding of the statutes man had fram'd,
 Or lest the State should low'r, or Church should chide
 Or hurl anathemas, or solemn vote
 Of Sanhedrims exclude him from their pale;
 Or lest Society from her warm lap
 Should cast him out, an heretic abhor'd;
 Nor yet because Philosophy, exact,
 With line and plummet sounding at the base
 Of human-nature, guaging well its depths,
 Its just dimensions, and its kindred ties,
 Had drawn up data for a diagram
 On which to demonstrate the certain hold
 That Virtue has on Pleasure, Vice on Pain—
 Fit exercise for reason, in its place,
 Revealing wisdom in the Great First Cause,
 Yet reaching not the grounds of holy love,
 Obedience, faith, fruition, firm repose,
 Resting in truth and righteousness divine,
 The holy beauty of the Lord our God,—
 Nor yet because, by process less exact,
 Yielding assurance with more caution giv'n,
 Sagacity, with wise and studious mien,
 O'er statesman-like statistics ling'ring long,
 And interest tables, carefully compil'd
 For counting-house convenience, doctrines deep
 Of varying chances, permutations vast,
 With logarithmic industry pursu'd
 Through all their changes, intricate and coy,
 Mocking detection, save by practic'd skill,
 With decimated fractions, by whose help
 Approximation toward the truth is reached,
 Had calculated probable results
 Of human actions, and had found the chance
 As av'raged from experience of the past,
 Upon the whole, to lie on Virtue's side,
 And Honesty, compared with Knavery,
 The better policy, for lengthen'd thrift,
 Of better credit on th' Exchange, at Bank,
 And wheresoever merchants shrewd are found;
 Virtue expedient, therefore gainful, wise,
 And hence as valid law to be received,
 Of binding obligation weight, and force
 Upon the conscience; or, at least, the—purse!

Such potent aids of virtue, now so rife,
 And taught laboriously in public schools,
 As science, moral, economic, deep,
 Quoted in Senates, and in pulpits preach'd,
 (And better preached, perhaps, than ethics worse,)
 Useful, 'tis thought, in modern times, to some
 Whose eye-sight moral beauty never bless'd,
 Thus saved, through selfish hope or servile fear,
 From infamy, or gibbets, here on earth;
 Whom holy love of duty, and of God,
 Saves never, upon earth, nor yet in heav'n.
 Such science flourished not, to aid the saints
 In paths of holiness, before the flood;
 Or, if it did, no 'trophy left behind
 That has survived the deluge, or was deem'd
 Demanding record on the page inspired,
 As having lit the fires of sacrifice
 On Abel's altar, or afforded light
 To Enoch, while with God on earth he walked."

We will conclude these quotations with one from the last words of Adam:

"Take courage, then, my children, and be strong;
 Resist the Serpent, whom the Lord shall bruise
 Under your feet; and put his hosts to flight.
 Yet not without sore conflict, patient faith,
 And firm endurance. Cherish well the tie
 That binds you to each other, to the race
 Of man upon the earth, wherever found,
 Howe'er debas'd, despoil'd, forlorn and crush'd,
 Howe'er polluted, dark, beguil'd, ensnar'd
 And wayward; yet beware the witching lure
 Of bad example, and the taint of sin,
 And warn the wicked of their evil ways,
 That God may give them penitence and faith,
 And knowledge of His counsels, as ye know
 He has already, unto some of you
 Who once were lost, but now are saved and cleans'd.
 Thou well rememb'rest, Enos, when, in crowds
 Thy list'ning neighbors gather'd round thy bow'r
 To hear the voice of prayer, and kind reproof,
 And list'ning wept, and weeping learn'd to pray,
 And praying turned their feet from paths of sin,
 To serve the Lord their Maker. Enoch, *thou*,
 Though young in years, wast then by Heav'n inspir'd
 To raise thy voice a witness to the Truth,
 And many heard thee, and thy words received;
 Thus do: fulfill thy work, and reap thy sheaves;

Souls rescued shall be giv'n thee, for thy hire.
 Such seasons, still returning, as for prayer
 The faithful come together, God shall send
 In future ages, and a seed preserve,
 'Till He, the mighty Prophet, be reveal'd,
 The Prince, th' atoning Priest, the Sacrifice,
 Whom, lo! through vistas long, of distant years,
 With daz'ling brightness bursts upon my sight!
 But who? Or man? Or God? With glorious march,
 With sorrows drench'd, with blood his raiment stain'd;
 Methought I saw him pierc'd, and heard him groan,
 While nature fainted, and the sun was lost!
 But lo! he rises heav'nward, and in chains
 Captivity leads captive! Death and Hell
 All vanquish'd, and Destruction all destroy'd!
 O'erpow'ring vision! Who this conqu'ring Prince?
 This King of Glory—who? My eyes grow dim,
 And roll in darkness. Seth! Where is thy hand?
 Enos! thy shoulder! Hark! Upon mine ear
 There comes the sound of music, like the notes
 I heard in Paradise; or Eve's sweet voice.
 Again! It is the minstrelsy of heav'n,
 Accents of Raphael, mingling with the song;
 To me he speaks, and bids me hence away,
 To mansions high above the stars prepar'd.
 I come! I come! My children, all, farewell!"

It can be truly said of William Goodell that he "lived as seeing Him who is invisible." His character was all that might be inferred from his writings, *and more*. Of rare and wonderful elevation and purity of thought and motive, high purpose, undaunted courage, unwavering faith in the Infinite Goodness, he was an inspiration to all who knew him and were capable of understanding and appreciating his character. No public man was ever less actuated by ambition, or any form of self-seeking, than he. Modest, almost to diffidence, yet fearless in battling for the Right; strong, yet tender; his character bore the scrutiny of familiar and long continued intimacy, and those who knew him best loved and admired him most. As a reformer, he was radical, and in advance of the thought of the masses; he was pre-eminently a leader of thought. He taught the necessity of total abstinence at a time when moderate drinking was considered good temperance doctrine; and was among the first to advocate prohibitory legislation. He was among the earliest, if not the very earliest, to advance the theory of the right and duty of the Federal Government to abolish slavery in the States, and to claim

that slavery was both illegal and unconstitutional, that its speedy abolition was intended by the framers of the Constitution, and was authorized by the words, "Congress shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of Government." These theories he argued in the works which we have already named, and which were read and privately concurred in by such men as Charles Sumner, S. P. Chase, and Abraham Lincoln. In this view he differed from Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, his early co-laborers, who, regarding the Federal Constitution as pro-slavery, denounced it as a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and advocated a dissolution of the Union as the only consistent course for conscientious northerners opposed to slavery. His co-adjutors in the work of advocating the abolition of slavery by the Federal Government, under the Constitution, were Gerrit Smith, Alvan Stewart, Beriah Green, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, and their associates. Yet while differing with abolitionists of the Garrisonian school in methods, his personal friendship with them continued through life.

He was a courageous leader, a tender friend, a devoted Christian. Those who knew him were made better and happier, the world was made richer, for his life.



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